

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "What Side You On?"

It's overtime  
So the lyric  
They fear it  
When they hear it  
The flow  
100 miles and runnin  
Get near it  
And go  
Check it out  
Go  
To the race  
Give the drummer a taste  
The bass iz commin commin  
Suckas runnin from it  
Damn, why you call him  
The man  
Here I am scamm  
Never ran  
Never fight the black  
From Iraq  
Or Iran  
Who bombed Japan  
Blood on his hands  
Part of a plan  
He don't really believe  
In uhh! God damn

If it comes down to shuttin  
Them down  
I'm in the hood surrounded  
Tell em I'm grounded  
I'm on that psycho analytical  
Tip if politics iz stickin to  
The mix  
Like tricks  
I'm one more time givin time  
Where the rhyme go  
Elite to the street  
To the brothas doin death row  
So where ya at  
If the beat ain't fat  
Say what

C'mon  
And get some  
Rattle rattle  
Kiss and I hum

Come can you  
Get it on the one  
C'mon pick it up  
pick it at  
pack it at  
pack it up  
To the black  
Who be talkin  
Where they at  
Where they at  
Wicked wild  
Feelin irie  
Not sorry  
Get it see it written down in a diary  
Same say fuck all dat  
Political shit  
But wanna get paid when  
Their brains in the second grade

Nowhere to run/here they come come  
Nowhere to run/here they come come

I'm a fan first  
I reverse another trick verse  
To the point  
Where I can rock dis funky joint  
In the brain game, I'm keepin my head clear  
In 33 years so what  
I never had a beer  
I don't know what I'm missin  
I'm not dissin  
But I know I ain't ass kissin  
Time to draw the line  
This time the rhyme  
Got da good guy goin gettin da nine  
Cause I know the hoody  
Got it good wit the hitman  
Can I get a hitman  
Know I'm duckin nat quicksand  
The funky automatic  
Handlin static  
Sellin out I ain't good at it  
& when I got bumbed  
I'm gonna open up  
Hitt em up stone to da bone  
But it ain't gotta be like that

And thats that  
Can u tell me yall...what  
All in wit the law  
They fall in  
The great white hole where they  
Be sellin their soul

Never get enough  
They be talkin dat roughneck shit  
Be comin they quit  
Fuck dat blood iz ticker  
Than water shit  
That shit iz counterfeit  
Devil go where da shoe fit  
Black mans law iz raw like Africa  
You violate  
Were comin after ya

They're here